

NOVEMBER 1957

# Maryknoll



Preparing for Christmas... all cover story



AT A Maryknoll mission station for refugees in Hong Kong, a priest, himself a refugee, administers Communion to a new convert. Hong Kong has a million and a half refugees needing aid.

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ILLUSTRATIONS: GEORGE SHELLHASE

■ IN New York's Chinatown they used to say if Bacigalupo didn't bury you, you wouldn't see Heaven.

And Bacigalupo's, the staid and solemn old Italian undertaking parlor on Mulberry Street, said goodbye to many an Oriental man.

Such was, and is, the spirit and heart of the Chinatown man: even in the noon of life he ponders the night of death. He lives in legend, moves in peace, and seeks his celestial home.

He is born of a civilization ancient beyond reach of our New World. While Egypt built her pyramids, his people were already turning

# Chinatown USA

**In this legendary community,  
old ways rule unchallenged.**

**BY EDWARD OXFORD**

Condensed from *Telephone Review*.

the Yellow River plains into a garden; when the Crusaders marched against the Holy Land, his land flourished with art, philosophy, music, astronomy, and architecture.

His civilization, a timeless strength, endures.

Flanked by the Bowery and Little Italy, Chinatown extends ten blocks along Manhattan's lower East Side, has a population of some 10,000 — mostly Cantonese. Wander the length of Mott Street, the Broadway of Chinatown, and you are enveloped in an old peaceful and dreaming world.

Here is the Temple House, incensed and many-splendored, its altar Buddha-banked in etchings, embroideries, tapestries; its happy Buddha full-stomached and laughing (9 million tourists have rubbed it for good luck) . . . the upper-floor family and civic associations, meeting places for social and community groups (families with the same last names form their own associations for mutual help—Lees, Wongs, Ngs, Leongs, Honges, Quons, Changs, Moys, Chins, Chus, etc.) . . . outdoor Chinese newspapers pasted to the walls of buildings . . . restaurants crowding in on one another—the Port Arthur, Tingyatsak, Lichee Wan, The Golden Dragon, Shavey Lee, Pacific, Joy Garden — their quiet rooms pungent with the steam and savor of wonton, egg roll, ter-rapin, bean curd, shark fin, bamboo shoots, the rich and full-heaped dishes of Moo Goo Guy Pan (chicken with mushrooms), Dow Jay Yok Soong (pork, string beans, bamboo

shoots, water chestnuts), Jow Haw Kow (breaded shrimps) . . . curio shops, filled to tourist-brimming with back-scratchers, abacuses, fans, lampshades, mandarin jackets, sandals, ivory pagodas, crystal glass, jade and the inevitable wood-piece puzzles . . . the plain-floored groceries and herb shops, lighted by bare electric bulbs, with all their strange provender of spearmint, moon-flowers, sea horses, clear Szechwan fungus, refined tiger balm, sticky rice flour, sea urchins, dried squid and octopus, lichee nuts, rhinoceros horn, constricted deer horn, and gall of boa constrictor . . . over all flying from apartments the flags of America and Nationalist China.

Three generations may live under one roof. The wife takes care of the house, the husband takes care of business. Some families don't cook in their apartments and live on prepared meals sent in from groceries and restaurants. Chinese women rarely go out and find their greatest social prestige when they give birth to a son. Children tell their troubles to their mother, who in turn discusses them with father.

Young Chinese women, declares the gentle tradition, walk erect and paint not their faces. Young men must walk near the curb to let the women see the shops, obey their family's wishes, and always use both hands when pouring tea.

At the heart of Chinatown life are the principles of Benevolence, Righteousness, Politeness, Wisdom and Truth, so lucidly espoused by Confucius (Christianity, Taoism,



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Mott and Pell Streets -  
Chinatown, New York

Confucianism and Buddhism are the major religions of Chinatown). This gentle, tranquil disposition shines through social amenities and everyday business conduct alike.

Such gentleness of spirit marks the actions of young as well as old. And Chinatown's great hope is her youth. Filial piety, for example, is so respectfully practiced that juvenile delinquency (as well as crime in general) is unknown in Chinatown. A lad who transgresses incurs loss of face not only for himself but for all his friends and all his family.

Besides, the younger generation has little time for mischief.

Consider Joyce Wong.

To Joyce, fair flower of Chinese gentility and for the past five years a telephone supplies auditing clerk, Chinatown is home. She was born there, and after spending twelve years in China, returned for once and all to her New York home.

Sunday afternoons, year in, year out, when all Chinatown is crowded with Chinese visiting from their scattered colonies in Upstate, New Jersey and Connecticut, she makes her way through the thronging streets, walks quickly to a quiet, flower-bordered classroom in the Transfiguration Church School on Mott Street. Here, working with Maryknoll priests and Sisters, she teaches Chinese and catechism to forty or fifty little Chinatown folk.

For their tender years, these grammar school tots carry a sizeable burden:

"Chinatown's children must go to school twice. After their American school, at

4 p.m. they go to Chinese language school."

This burden Joyce shares each Sunday: whereas English has but 26

letters, Chinese has something like 28,000 picture symbols, each made with distinctive, intricate fine strokes. As a spoken language it has four main tongues, as well as over two hundred separate dialects.

"But I say to the children: 'Do not despair. Listen to Father Moore.' Father is a young priest and speaks Chinese well. I encourage boys and girls to be like him in study and sometimes one says, 'Boy, Father, you speak better Chinese than my pop, and you're an Irishman!'"

Chinatown's children watch television, read American newspapers, and applaud Elvis Presley, but their deeper sentiments are steeped in all the lore of the ancients. They read of the dim past of their ancestors on the plains of China . . . the temples and tearooms and moon gardens . . . the faceless millions ranging from mountain to sea . . .

The past is theirs.

They meet their Western destiny with Eastern heart and heritage.

So Chinatown, like its Mother Land, endures.

## OUR ADDRESS?

*It's Easy!*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

# OASIS IN THE DESERT

**It's simple to find a church.**

**Just follow the Sunday crowds.**

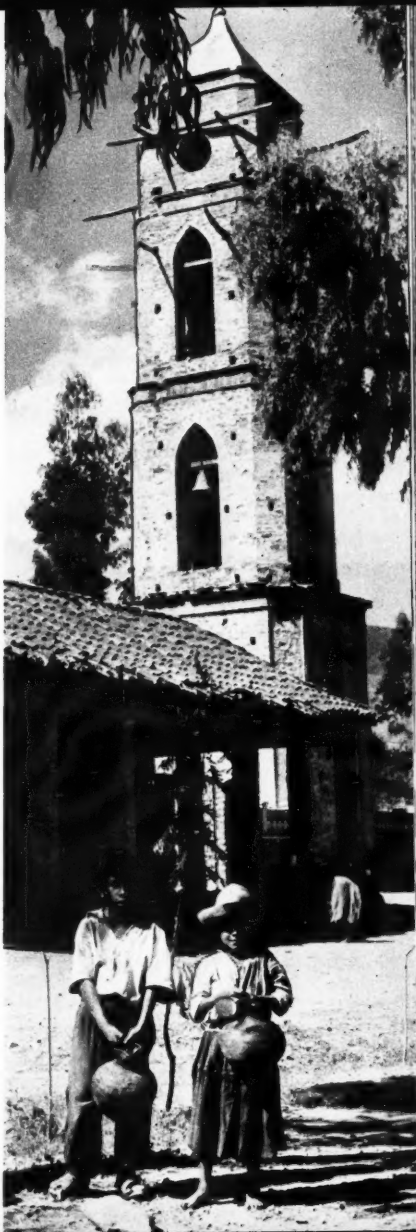
**BY MICHAEL A. SIMONE, M.M.**

■ EL PASO, for all its rural simplicity, spelled adventure for me. I gladly welcomed the opportunity of helping out in this Bolivian region.

Santiago Parish is a spiritual oasis for numerous villages scattered throughout the countryside. From it go forth the lifelines necessary to maintain the faith of the Quechua Indians — most of them are Catholics — who inhabit this region. These Indians are farmers and their only contact with the Church is through Father Higgins and his curate, Father Robert Remitz. They maintain several little chapels accessible to a vast number of Indians. In four such places, Mass is celebrated every week.

At four on Sunday morning, clamorous ringing of church bells ended a good night's rest. There was much

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**Men crowd the El Paso church for Communion (above). (Left) American priests offer Mass before an altar built in silver by conquistadors.**

bustling outside. Eager to satisfy my curiosity, I peered out the window. With half-opened eyes I saw the sacristan, Patricio, and his faithful helpers preparing hot powdered milk in huge pots over an open fire.

I did not see any woodpile so I wondered how Patricio maintained his fire. My wonderment was soon dispelled. Women and children on their way to early Mass each deposited kindling wood near the fire. I could not help but say to myself, "Padre Juan certainly has these

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people trained." They were earning breakfast which ordinarily they would have to go without.

The milk and cheese the pastor gives the people is made possible through CARE. To me the interesting part of the distribution is the wonderful order maintained by the people. When it is time for them to receive their shares of milk and cheese, all of them sit on the ground in orderly rows, without having to be told. The sacristan and his helpers move from person to person, giving each his or her share. The children are provided for before the adults.

Before the sun was too high, I left Santiago and was on my way to Bella Vista for Mass. Across the freshly plowed fields, the distant

mountains, wrapped with low-hanging clouds, came into full view. The beauty of the scene took away my breath and I sighed with joy.

All during the bumpy ride over country roads, I noticed many humble adobe huts with thatched roofs. How uncomfortable must be the occupants of these one-room affairs! Life must certainly be a tawdry, unbroken mediocrity for these luckless farmers.

While I could not help but feel sorry for them, I had to guard myself against any melodramatic ideas. These people may be uncomfortable but whether or not they are suffering, I could not say. When I actually met the people, they appeared to be a happy lot.

In these country parishes, a new-



**Father Gerald Ziegegeist, from Plymouth, Mass., with a young fan in El Paso.**

comer like myself can usually tell when he is drawing near to the church even though he has never been there before. No sooner do I arrive in a pueblo than I see many people, all walking in the same direction — obviously in the direction of the church.

I followed, my ears ringing to warm and congenial greetings of "*Buenos dias, Padrecito;*" I entered the church and proceeded to the dark sacristy to vest for Mass. I had an audience of men who were asking many questions about Padre Juan and Padre Roberto. These questions were quite an experience. Not too familiar with the language, I found myself stammering, in a futile attempt to answer.

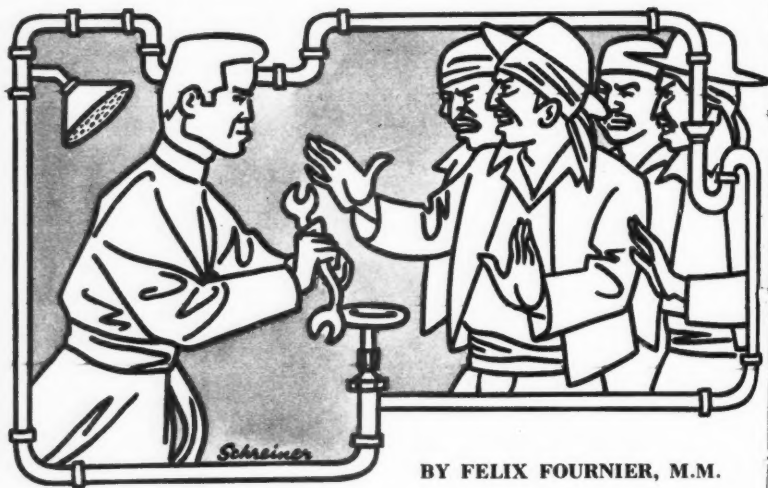
The men, aware of my difficulty, were very understanding and sympathetic. They expressed such kindnesses as, "*Padrecito, you speak Spanish very well for the short time you have been here!*" Yet they had not understood a word I said.

While celebrating Mass, I remembered the divine privilege that was mine in bringing Christ to these Indians. I had come a long way from the first time I had entertained the notion of becoming a missionary. My ideal was now being vividly realized. As I held our Eucharistic Lord in my hands I could not restrain myself from thinking: "For this was I ordained; for this did I come to South America as a Maryknoller to take Christ to these people." ■ ■



Is a Padre welcome in El Paso?  
Two moppets smile the answer.

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BY FELIX FOURNIER, M.M.

# The Cuilco Water Incident

**Red tape — the kind he could cut in broad daylight.**

■ **THE CUILCO WATER:** This phrase knocks free a story from memory's tight-bound mass. It brings back Father McGuinness in a contretemps in Cuilco, Guatemala, which was vital and provoking and funny.

Father Leo Conners, the first Maryknoll pastor in Cuilco, by agreement with the Town Council, introduced water into the sprawling rectory. His successor, Father J. Edmund McClear, installed other plumbing. That was Cuilco's first view of modern plumbing, and everyone came to see it. The Coun-

cil agreed that it was admirable, though they didn't really understand the mechanics that came into play on opening and closing a valve. In the end they gave a wavering and mystified approval.

Councilman Don Carlos understood perfectly but he couldn't quite convince the others that water was not running out somewhere when all the valves were shut off.

At one of the Town Council's meetings, a member said casually, "I believe that there must be a great deal of water escaping in



all those pipes in the rectory." All agreed that this must be so, and that it would be a good idea to turn off the water during the daylight hours.

They did turn off the water, as Father McGuinness found when he returned from a sick call up in the mountains. That he was hot and tired and wanted a shower didn't temper the blow.

Father Edward J. McGuinness, missionary, marched out to the valve, partly buried among the flowers in the plaza, and opened the valve full. Then he marched into the house and had a fine shower.

That could have been the end of the story but it wasn't. Dawn the following day found a reluctant minion of the Council at the valve. He closed it down tight and with a screwdriver removed the handle. This handle was hung on a nail in the mayor's office.

Father Ed wiped the soap from his face with a towel and called to the sacristan to go outside and open the valve.

The sacristan, knowing as well as every soul in town what had happened, and being on the side of the Padre, was distressed to report that the handle was missing.

Father Ed wrote a letter to the mayor. There was no answer.

Then began the comedy that alternately found the unhappy public servant or the happy sacristan manipulating the valve. Months passed. At one stage Father McGuinness turned the valve on full and hard. Then with a hacksaw he cut the stem off flush.

Later the water dribbled and

mysteriously stopped once more. Some detective work finally located a wooden plug in a union along the line. The water flowed again.

At this point Father McGuinness decided to ask for a new water contract from the municipality. The Town Council received his application and on invitation visited the rectory to inspect the installation. He pointed out that all the pipes



either had faucets or valves, that the water flowed only when these were open. The visitors nodded and smiled but their faces said, "Still, there must be water running out somewhere just the same."

The following day the Council sent their reply: Father was to abide by the original agreement and use the water only at night.

The comedy took up again. It was a colleague's fortune to dismount in Cuilco when the water was off, after riding twenty-four miles in the sun. He suggested that it would be a good idea to file a notch in the seat of that valve.

Father McGuinness stood stock still. "What do you mean?"

"Why, some dark night you take



the valve apart, file a notch in the brass seat, put it together again. Let the Council turn the valve off as often as they please." "Tonight, tonight!" he murmured, a big smile coming over his face. "No, not tonight, that would be sneaky. Right now." It was noon.

In no time a wooden plug was fashioned and Father McGuinness, in shirtsleeves, was out in the plaza with his Stillson wrench.

"Bonifilio," he said to the sacristan, "I am going to take this valve apart. I am going to put in a plug so the water won't spurt all over. You stand here with your foot on the plug — and don't move."

A moment later he was inside the rectory, filing away on the valve.

A small boy stuck his head in the doorway and said, "Father, the body is here."

"Body!" said Father Ed. "What body?"

"Why, Dona Teofila, who died last night."

Father Ed dropped his work, dashed to the sacristy, donned cassock and surplice and taking the holy water sprinkler went out slowly to meet the cortege at the door of the church. The mayor and the Town Council were pallbearers.

Father Ed blanched as they all marched past a statuesque Bonifilio, his foot still on the wooden plug, his hat in his hand out of respect for Dona Teofila.

After the blessing Father McGuinness asked the pallbearers to go on to the cemetery and await him there. The pallbearers took up their sad burden and solemnly stepped off across the plaza. Father Ed watched them from the door of the church until they had turned the corner. Then, quickly shedding his surplice and cassock, he hurried back to his unfinished valve.

A minute later he was beside Bonifilio. "Up to the tower, Bonifilio, and ring the bell for Teofila."

In a trice the valve was back together. Bonifilio was tolling the bell. Father Ed, in cassock and surplice, was off to the cemetery. And there was water pressure in the rectory.

The now one-sided comedy ran on for some weeks after that. Then new elections swept out the Town Council to a man.

Their successors unanimously conceded twenty-four-hour water rights to the Cuilco rectory in perpetuity. The Councilors signed and sealed an official document to that effect.

In his last suffering in a New York hospital Father Ed McGuinness wrote to the new pastor that he was often thinking and praying for the people of Cuilco.

When the news of his death arrived in Cuilco many of the people looked away uneasily to the hills. A great many more of the people wept openly.

# Joseph

BY WILLIAM RICHARDSON, M.M.

■ NIGHT prayers and Benediction in Big Lake Village, Formosa were over. I was visiting Father Dan Dolan. He came to my place in chapel and whispered, "Come outside and you'll see something wonderful." I went out and met Joseph.

"All right, let's go," Father Dan said. Joseph reached out and caught hold of a bamboo pole. The other end was firmly grasped by three-year-old Tommy Li. Tommy used his free hand to hang on to his mother. We all moved down the street, Mrs. Li, with her youngest strapped on her back and Tommy at her side, followed by Joseph.

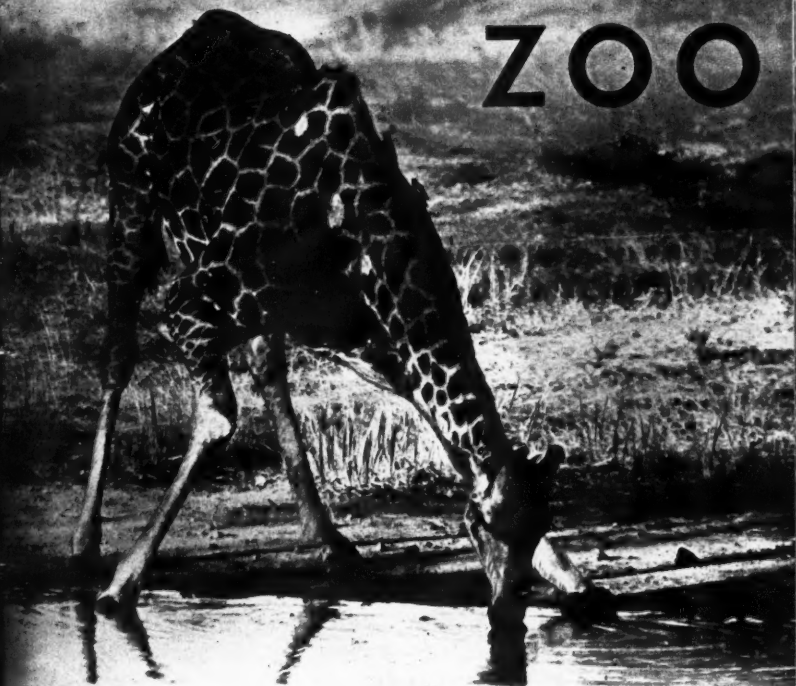
"Careful, Joseph — hole here," little Tommy would lisp out occasionally. We arrived in front of an old temple. Beside it was a small lean-to. Joseph was home. Being totally blind, he didn't mind the dark interior. For his guests he lit a tiny lamp and hung it on the brick wall.

When Mrs. Li went to put her sons to bed, we sat on small boxes in the lean-to and listened to the blind man tell us about his begging trips to nearby villages; how he makes grass shoes to sell; the many ways he ekes out a living. What surprised me most was how happy he sounded. He said that he was fortunate to be a Catholic, to be loved by God and the Blessed Mother.

On the way back to the mission, Father Dan said with a smile: "That's the second time today Joseph has come to night prayers. This afternoon, when you turned on that loud speaker, it played a hymn calling people to night prayers. Joseph trotted off to church. I had to tell him to come back later." ■ ■



# WIDE OPEN ZOO



**The giraffe is built for eating from treetops, not for drinking.**

■ AFRICA is two worlds. In the big cities, one finds the modern, but back in the bush, civilization often seems to have passed by. Near Maryknoll's Tanganyika missions there are tremendous game plains, abounding in every type of wild life. Close by are many tribes of natives who like to recall their tribal life in the days that are ended.

**This Luo funeral dancer wears a lion's mane, paints himself blue.**

BASKERVILLE

NOVEMBER, 1957



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■ DESPITE the hair-curling stories of big-game hunters, Africa's animals are easy to approach and hunt. They can become deadly dangerous when wounded, however, since then they fight for their lives.

In recent years, more and more people are hunting with cameras instead of rifles. The thrill is still there but the animals are spared. Father Edward M. Baskerville took these excellent pictures. ■ ■





**Two poachers on the game plains seek meat for a feast (right). Forbidden to carry guns, they are nevertheless well equipped.**









ZERR

■ THE British government is trying to protect East Africa's big game from extermination. Today the great threat is from meat-hungry Africans. Those poachers, hunting with poisoned arrows, are content to sit for hours (right) awaiting a victim. Often they wound and do not kill. The Government puts heavy penalties on poaching but it is a hard custom to stamp out. ■ ■

NOVEMBER, 1957





Out of the ruins of war and chaos Koreans are building a new life.

# The People Who Wouldn't D

In the pages that follow is an interview on Korea with Father James V. Pardy, who knows the country intimately because of his many years of work there as a missionary. Father Pardy was the Maryknoll superior in Korea when he was elected last year to be Vicar General of the Maryknoll Society.

**Q** *Father Pardy, what is the outlook for the Church in Korea?*

**A** More favorable than at any other time in its history. This little country, always rated one of the Church's most fertile fields, is ripe for the harvest.

**Q** *What is the reason for this?*

**A** The seed sown in the blood of martyrs.

**Q** *The manner in which the Faith was originally introduced in Korea is unique, isn't it?*



life.

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## AN INTERVIEW

**A** Yes. The Faith was not introduced by missionaries but by Korean laymen who in 1785 while members of the Korean Embassy to Peking, China, met Catholic missionaries there and were baptized. Upon their return home they began secretly to spread the Faith.

**Q** *Why secretly?*

**A** In those days Korea was known as the Hermit Kingdom because it refused to have any commerce with the West. All Western ideas were

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## INTERVIEW

proscribed by death. From 1785 until 1882, when Korea was opened to the West, the Faith was spread by an underground movement.

**Q** *Was there resistance by the Government?*

**A** There certainly was! Thousands of Catholics suffered prolonged torture and bloody death in the various persecutions. Seventy-nine of them have already been beatified.

**Q** *And none were Westerners?*

**A** Some were Westerners. Three of them were French missionaries who secretly entered Korea and joined the underground.

**Q** *How far had Christianity advanced when Korea opened in 1882?*

**A** There were about ten thousand Christians, a remarkable number when we remember the conditions under which converts were made.

**Q** *Were there any Protestants?*

**A** They came after the treaty of 1882. Today there are some twenty-five Protestant sects in Korea from the rabid followers of Judge Ruth-erford to the more conservative disciples of John Knox.

**Q** *Actually, Protestants have made considerable headway in Korea.*

**A** Yes. They moved more quickly than the Catholic Church. They gave Korea preferential treatment as regards finances and personnel. The result is that today Protestants outnumber Catholics two to one. There are six hundred thousand Protestants to three hundred thousand Catholics.

**Q** *This brings us up to the recent*

*Communist attack. Will you comment on that?*

**A** Most people have some knowledge of the unprovoked Communist invasion that began in June 1950. But the depth and extent of the suffering caused by that attack are known only to those who witnessed it. It is difficult for outsiders to imagine the suffering in Pusan, for example, where a normal population of seven hundred thousand was increased by a million refugees. Food, shelter and medical supplies were all scarce. Catholic missionaries worked very hard to aid those forlorn people.

**Q** *The early Pusan refugees were mostly displaced South Koreans?*

**A** Yes. After the United Nations Forces broke out of the Pusan perimeter and advanced into North Korea, many Catholics who found life unbearable under the Communists fled to the South. Those refugees had fearful stories to tell. They reported that many Christians had been brutally killed by the Communists. They told how Bishop Hong and his priests had remained at their posts until thrown in jail.

**Q** *Are they still in jail?*

**A** They have been given up as dead, martyrs to a new phase of persecution of the Church in Korea.

**Q** *The work done for the refugees is an heroic one. Can you tell us about what was done to aid these victims of communism?*

**A** Catholic missionaries went all out to aid the orphans, sick and homeless. Tents were thrown up to



**First Communion class at Father Joseph Gibbon's Chong Ju parish.**

give shelter, stations were opened to feed the hungry, centers were established for clothes distribution. Maryknoll Sisters in their clinic in Pusan treated thousands every day. Catholic Relief Services sent millions of dollars' worth of food, clothing and medicine from the Catholics of the United States. Monsignor Edward Swanstrom and Mr. Edward M. Kenny, both from NCWC Catholic War Relief, came to Korea and drew up a long range program of relief, still in operation. Cardinal Spellman's visits and help won the Church much prestige.

**Q** *What did the Koreans think of this charity of Catholic Americans?*

**A** They will long remember the aid of the Church in their tragic hour.

**Q** *This charity continued even after the war, didn't it?*

**A** Yes. After the signing of the armistice there was still a tremendous job to be done. Millions of people who had been uprooted from their villages and separated from their families had to be rehabilitated. Homes, churches, schools and factories had to be rebuilt. Catholic and Protestant missionaries joined together in a group known as KAVA, Korean Association of Voluntary Agencies, for the purpose of presenting a united front in relief work and to work with governmental organizations.

**Q** *Let us turn to the present strength of the Church in Korea. What is the total population of South Korea and what proportion are Catholics?*

**A** There are about 21 million people in South Korea. Catholics number 293,000. There are also

## INTERVIEW

about thirty thousand people preparing to become Catholics.

**Q** *Do these Catholics come from all the classes?*

**A** Yes, from the poor and the rich, the professional and laboring classes. From all walks of life. The present vice-president of Korea, Dr. John Chang, is an exemplary Catholic. He is a direct descendant of a Korean martyr. His sister, who became a Maryknoll Sister, was killed by the Communists in North Korea. She could have escaped to the South but preferred to stay with a group of Korean Sisters.

**Q** *Does communism offer much in the way of obstacles to religion?*

**A** In South Korea, Communist influence is nonexistent. There is keen competition from the many Protestant groups who are again concentrating on Korea.

**Q** *How does Korean Church personnel compare with foreign?*

**A** The foreign missionary is in a minority. Of the eight bishops in Korea, four are foreign and four are Korean. Korean priests outnumber foreign priests almost two to one. There are ten times more Korean Sisters than those from outside the country — 696 to 62. More than three hundred seminarians are preparing to be priests.

**Q** *Then Korea is quite well off?*

**A** Yes and no. There are too few priests there for the tremendous opportunities that exist. Bishop Paul Rho, of Seoul, speaking for all Korean Ordinaries, has appealed to missionary groups to send more

workers to Korea where the harvest is so great. Thousands are coming into the Church every year but many more would be converted if more priests were on hand.

**Q** *How does the Church stand in the educational field?*

**A** Here, too, great opportunities exist. We have 21 middle schools, seventeen high schools and two colleges. Actually, we are reaching only a small proportion of students through our schools. The Jesuits will open a University in Seoul this year. The Madames of the Sacred Heart have a middle school in Seoul. We hope more teaching orders will come.

**Q** *How about medical work?*

**A** The Church has five hospitals, fourteen clinics and two leper colonies. The work done by the Church in the medical field has been outstanding. The Maryknoll Sisters' Clinic in Pusan handles 350,000 cases a year. The clinic has made a strong impression on everyone who has ever seen it.

**Q** *I suppose that there are many opportunities that must be passed?*

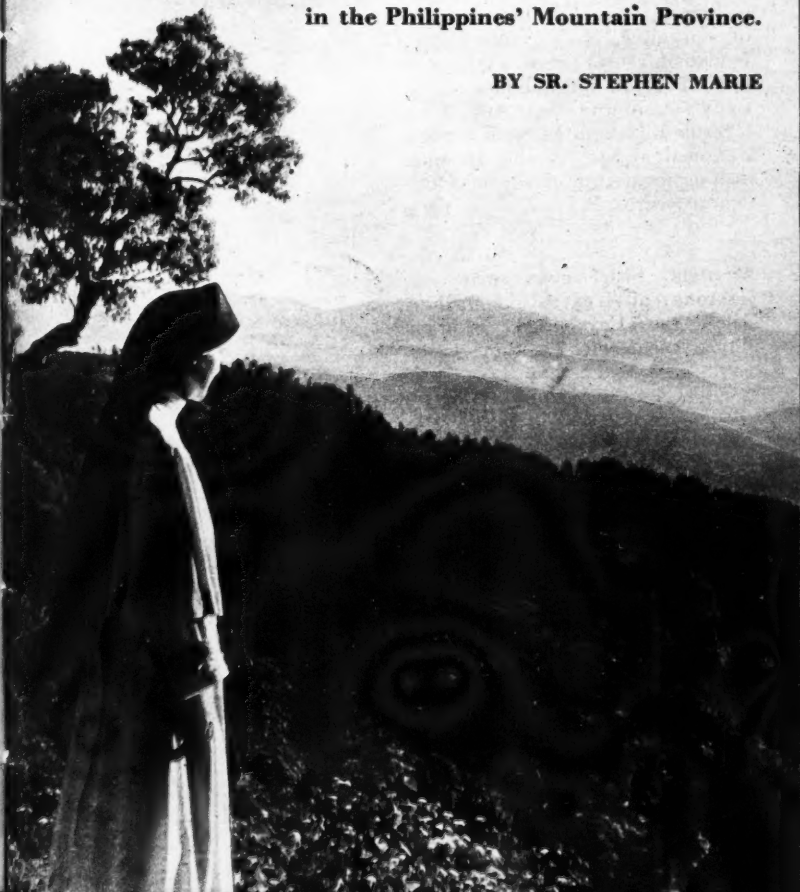
**A** Yes, there are. Monsignor Ligutti of the National Rural Life Conference visited Korea and was much impressed with the large number of Koreans interested in joining the Church. He said to one missionary, "You could start some cooperatives among the farmers here if you ever could take time out from baptizing and instructing people." That's the way it is in Korea today. ■ ■



# Mountain Song

Sister nurse goes to an Igorot *canyao*  
in the Philippines' Mountain Province.

BY SR. STEPHEN MARIE



■ ANTHROPOLOGISTS classify the Igorots of northern Luzon as "semi-civilized." True, they have no cars, or TV, or bubble gum.

In recent years many tribesmen have become Catholics. Sisters from nearby Baguio go to their villages and teach religion as well as better ways of living.

Sister Elizabeth Marie (who not so long ago was Elizabeth Brophy, of Tuckahoe, N. Y.) recently attended an Igorot *canyao*, a tribal festival. This one was in honor of Our Lady's Assumption, on August 15.

Sister Elizabeth Marie is a nurse stationed at St. Joseph's Hospital in the sugar-cane fields of Occidental Negros, P. I. ■ ■

At right, Sister gives some professional advice to this mother. Below, she enjoys a joke with old Kitma, tribal chief for many years.









Oblivious to the American hot dog, these Igorot small fry on the hillside look forward to carabao steak (above) or hot rice from the *kawa* — big iron cooking pot (below).





No *canyao* is complete without a pig. This one will be buried in hot embers for many hours. Young Kulgar (right) can hardly wait to get his first taste.



## Own a Brick In Our Seminary Wall

At the Maryknoll seminary, Glen Ellyn, Illinois, these boys will be trained to become missionaries. As Maryknoll priests they will represent you in Asia, Africa and Latin America. We

have now 250 in a building meant for 200. Purchasing a brick or several will help us to accommodate the 175 more boys clamoring to get into our seminary.

**Please mark your initials  
on the bricks you want.  
Your gift will help us build.**



- ☐ *I would like to send \$..... each month for more bricks.  
Please send me a monthly reminder.*
- ☐ *I enclose \$..... for bricks.*

My Name .....

My Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS • MARYKNOLL, N. Y.**

# Here's What You



**POPULATION IN OUR CARE**

**10,524,658**



**BAPTISMS**

**50,026**



**CHURCHES AND CHAPELS**

**587**



**PREPARING FOR BAPTISM**

**21,177**



**MISSION STATIONS**

**1,112**



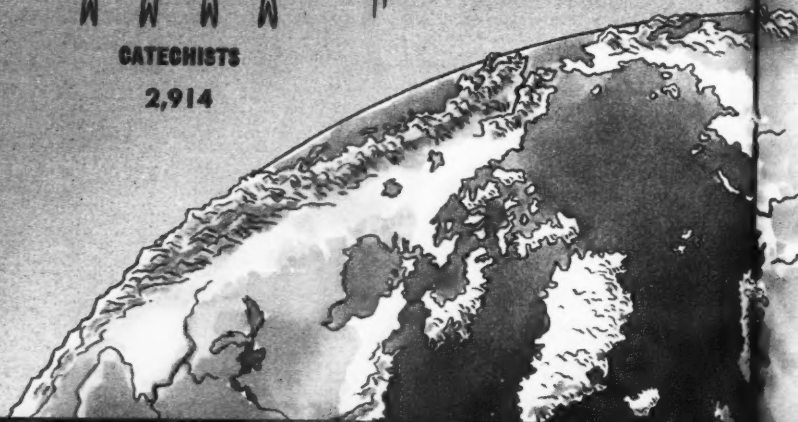
**SEMINARIES-NOVITIATES**

**4**



**CATECHISTS**

**2,914**





# Ye Did Last Year



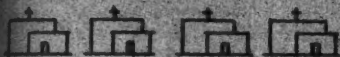
**HOSPITALS**

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**SCHOOLS**

**262**



**CLINICS**

**51**



**PUPILS**

**29,757**



**TREATMENTS**

**451,564**



**ORPHAN-AGED HOMES**

**5**



**SOCIAL SERVICE CENTER**

**1**





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TRANSLATION IN THE AMERICAN IDIOM



## and YOU'VE got troubles!

**The student gives his teacher  
a lesson he won't soon forget.**

**BY THOMAS TAKAHASHI, M.M.**

■ MR. YAMAOKA had a home, a loving wife, six children and a good job as field agent for a lumber company. They were living in Otsu, Japan.

Soon after giving birth to her third son, Mrs. Yamaoka became sick and was hospitalized. Father Joseph Hunt, pastor of Otsu church, who is very solicitous about the sick, made friends with Mrs. Yamaoka.

She began her study of the doctrine and was baptized. God called her to heaven soon after. Mr. Yamaoka said, "Father Hunt gave my wife a befitting funeral."

Mr. Yamaoka, left alone to care for six young children, thought he could manage somehow. Then he had an accident. He was in danger of death, and Father Hunt baptized him. He recovered from the accident but lost the use of his right arm. He could no longer hold down his job with the lumber company. Later he and his family moved to this parish in Kyoto.

He came to Kyoto heavily in debt and without prospect of employment. His constant worry about find-

MARYKNOLL

ing means to keep his family together proved more than he could stand. He suffered a nervous breakdown. That necessitated the family's going on relief. The social relief help was not enough to cover expenses so his debts kept mounting.

As compensation for his accident, the lumber company built for him a two-story shelter, one room on each floor. This frame house is covered with thin boards, over which there is no tar-paper covering. The elements or the children have pushed the knots out, leaving holes. Mr. Yamaoka pasted newspapers over the knotholes to keep out the rain and cold wind.

I saw the place during my sick-call visits to Mr. Yamaoka's oldest daughter. She was a pitiful bundle of humanity, a victim of infantile paralysis. She did not have the use of her legs; her arms and hands were twisted, deformed.

When I first saw her, I thought she was but a child of ten; she was eighteen. She spent her existence in a small 6' x 9' room on the second floor. Her speech seemed inarticulate but when I became accustomed to her talk I could make out what she was saying. Someone told me she loved to draw so the necessary materials were given to her. With her twisted hands she used crayons with great skill.

During the winter she caught a cold and had to stay in bed. Father Peter Walsh, who began to take her Holy Communion, bought her an electric foot warmer.

One day the catechist, who was teaching the girl the rudiments of the Faith, found her unconscious. The catechist telephoned for the priest but the girl died without

regaining consciousness. Father Daniel Sherman, the pastor, took care of the funeral.

Not long afterwards a new catechism class was started in this parish.

Mr. Yamaoka, who had never taken instructions, came to find out the doctrine of the Church to which he belonged. Whether the weather is mild, windy, rainy or cold he faithfully comes to Tuesday-night catechism class.

One evening I spoke on Divine Providence. After class, while the people were sitting around the wood stove, Mr. Yamaoka said: "What you said tonight is true, Father. I have been thinking about my present plight. Since coming to catechism class and hearing about God's providence I must admit that I am not so badly off compared to many others.

"I gave up smoking and drinking when I was sick in the hospital. God has given me the means to support my family despite my crippled condition. I pull a two-wheel cart about town to buy any metal and resalable junk. At first it was difficult but I began to realize that this is God's way of supporting me and my family.

"Ever since I have been coming to church, God has taken good care of me. I always thank God for His blessings."

### OUR FIRST DUTY

is holiness — the conversion of the world has to start with our own.

— Cardinal Suhard



**BISHOP JAMES ANTHONY WALSH**, answering the divine command, like the First Missioner, opened America's apostolic age. Commissioned by the bishops of United States, he started Maryknoll. In 1911, at feet of St. Pius X, he won Holy Father's approval. Today over 700 Maryknoll Missioners circle the globe.

## MILESTONES

**FATHER THOMAS F. PRICE**, long a missionary in rural North Carolina, became cofounder of Maryknoll; led the first Maryknollers to China. Before he died, in Hong Kong, he declared America must become "the great mission force in the world." Overseas army of his spiritual sons must grow in numbers and strength.



## MISSIONS

**MOTHER MARY JOSEPH**, Foundress of the Maryknoll Sisters, following the lead of Bishop Walsh and Father Price, opened mission world to the zeal of American women. Now more than 1,200 of her own Sisters in the gray habit of Maryknoll have the care of suffering millions on the mission fields of four continents.



**OUR LORD** commands: "Go into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." And also: "The harvest is great but the laborers are few. Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers into His harvest."



**IN**

**ST. PETER**, Prince of Apostles: first sermon converted 3,000; left Jerusalem to preach the Gospel all through the Middle East and even to Rome; ordained priests and sent them out as foreign missionaries. Before his own martyrdom he appointed local bishops to care for all the new Christian communities.



**MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK**

11-57

Dear Fathers:

Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Age.....School.....Grade.....

# The Holy Father's Missioners

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ MISSION WORK started with the command of Christ, "Go, teach." Since then, there have always been men and women who have accepted that order literally. In the beginning, those missioners left homes and families to embark on a perilous future. Like Saint Paul, they used their skills to support themselves while preaching the Gospel.

As the Church developed, organization replaced the haphazard. The monastic movement in Europe gave impetus to the work of conversion. In due course, mission societies came into existence. The missioner then had an organization behind him that insured support and replacement. He was part of a concentrated effort. Missioners became the frontline troops of the Holy Father, able to storm assigned beachheads, capable of being shifted where the need was greatest.

The mission societies were commissioned by the Holy See with a fourfold task: (1) to recruit personnel; (2) to train those recruits; (3) to assign those recruits to areas appointed by the Holy See; (4) to accept responsibility for their missioners' work and support.

Implicit in this charge was the obligation of the mission societies to raise the necessary funds to carry

out the work entrusted to them by the Holy Father. Each society became responsible for its own support and development.

As the missions expanded, needs increased. As a result, auxiliary aid societies came into being. For example, in 1822, a young French girl, moved by mission poverty, founded the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. In 1922, Pope Pius XI raised this organization to a pontifical work, placing it under the Congregation of Propaganda, the Roman unit formed in 1622 to direct all mission work. The SPF was given the task of soliciting alms and prayers in behalf of the general work of the missions.

Three other mission-aid societies also became pontifical. The Holy Childhood was founded to ransom and support orphans and abandoned babies. The Society of Saint Peter the Apostle was established to solicit funds for the education and support of native clergy. The Missionary Union of the Clergy was created to make the homeland clergies mission-minded.

Since the Society for the Propagation of the Faith raises alms for general mission expenses, the mission sending societies share indirectly in the disbursement of these



funds through their mission bishops but these grants provide *only a part of active mission expenses*. Moreover, no SPF funds are assigned to the societies for administrative expenses; for vocational recruiting; for building homeland seminaries; for training missionaries; for care and upkeep of personnel; and so on.

For example, this year Maryknoll is sending 52 missionaries overseas. It takes about \$1,000 to equip and transport each man to his post. Thus Maryknoll alone must raise \$52,000, just to get its 1957 crop of missionaries to their jobs.

Moreover, Maryknoll gets no SPF money for its work in areas assigned by the Holy See but not under the Congregation of Propaganda, such as South and Central America, Hawaii, and the Philippines. Also in mission areas where Maryknoll works under native bishops, such as in Japan and Korea, the annual SPF allotment goes to the native bishops and not to Maryknoll. Therefore it is evident that Maryknoll must depend almost entirely on the generosity of the American clergy and faithful.

Maryknoll urges all Catholics to support the SPF. If any think that there is conflict of interest, they need but ponder the words of the Holy Father in his recent encyclical where he treats this subject: "If at times these interests seem divergent, is it not, perhaps, because one ceases to consider them with sufficient faith in the supernatural vision of the unity and catholicity of the Church?" ■ ■

NOVEMBER, 1957

# Maryknoll

Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported entirely by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

Address:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS  
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

"While our heart embraces the whole world's flock of Christ, it turns with special feeling towards you, beloved children of the United States . . . Every nation has its mission society. Yours is Maryknoll. Your society for foreign missions, Maryknoll . . . counts among its missionaries so many of your heroes and heroines."

— Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday  
Address to American Catholics

# God Writes Straight

BY JOHN P. DONOHUE, M.M.



■ THE TWO Casey brothers and I were digging a hole in the sand on the beach at Ocean City, N. J. One of the brothers saw a pair of feet at the rim of the hole. A man was watching us. "What are you doing?" he asked.

Being a "wise" little boy, I said, "We're diggin' a hole to China." What did he think we were doing!

"I know an easier way to get there," he said.

"How's that?"

"Join Maryknoll."

We didn't know what Maryknoll was. I thought it was some branch of the Secret Service or Commandos or something. Never heard of it.

He started to ask us all kinds of silly questions, like: What's your name? How old are you? Where do you go to school? Do you come here every summer? We told him. He seemed like a pretty nice guy.

When he found we went to a Sisters' school, he began to ask questions about religion, geography and different things like that. All of a sudden one of the Casey boys realized that this man knew a little more about Catholics than most people. He seemed different too; kind of quiet, pleasant and he wasn't "kidding" us. He seemed like he really wanted to talk to us. So one of the Casey boys asked, "Are

MARYKNOLL

# *With Crooked Lines*

Jigsaw puzzle of a vocation; the last pieces fell into place.

you a priest?" He said that he was.

Well, boy, that was a shock. Here we were stringing this guy along. And he was a priest! We certainly did change our attitude.

He said he was on vacation, staying with some relatives. He wanted someone to serve his Mass for the week. I lived only about a block from Saint Augustine's Church so I told him I'd serve.

Well, I served his Mass all that week, and he never pressed the point about his being in Maryknoll although he did tell me what kind of an outfit Maryknoll is. They go to foreign countries and preach God's word to all the people there. Man, I'd never join that group because they work only in foreign countries, and hardly ever get home except for one year out of seven.

His vacation was over so he left.

Then in about a month I began getting a magazine called MARYKNOLL and all kinds of letters about what one missionary can do and what two can do and all that. I used to glance at the magazine, looking at all the pictures, but the letters and stuff I threw out almost as soon as I got them. I was too busy for that. I had to play with the gang and everything.

The magazines and all those letters kept coming all through gram-

mar school, even in high school. Every summer when Father would take his vacation he would stop at our house to see me, yet spend most of the time talking to my mother. Funny thing, he never brought up the subject, "How about you joining Maryknoll?" He'd make friendly visits and that was all. Every Christmas and Easter I received a card from him personally, asking me to remember him in my prayers as he was doing for me.

When I got out of high school I went to college, and the idea of becoming a priest was about the farthest thing from my mind. That was the last thing I wanted to be although I didn't have any definite idea about what I was going to do after college.

In my third year of college I began wondering what I would do after graduation. I realized that I had to choose — and the year was half over, and I still didn't know what to pick. I had thought about law, and I knew a lawyer at home with whom I could work after graduation but I didn't have any great desire to be a lawyer. I didn't have any great desire to be anything but I did want to do something. So I decided I might as well take law.

The foreign language course at the University of Notre Dame shows

## PLEASE PRAY FOR OUR DEAD

■ **MARYKNOLLERS** join you in praying for your departed during November. Each Friday every one of Maryknoll's 709 priests offers Mass for our benefactors. Please keep in your prayers these Maryknollers who died during the past year:

Father **ALOYSIUS J. RECHSTEINER**, of Williamsport, Pa., died December 29, 1956.

Father **RICHARD S. McMONIGAL**, of Saint Paul, Minn., died March 8, 1957.

Father **ANTHONY COTTA**, of Cairo, Egypt, died April 28, 1957.

Father **ROCCO P. FRANCO**, of Brooklyn, N. Y., died May 23, 1957.

Sister **MARY MARTHA**, of Lowell, Mass., died January 19, 1957.

Sister **MARY TERESA**, of County Kerry, Ireland, died March 13, 1957.

Sister **ROSE FIDELIS**, of Kingston, N. Y., died March 26, 1957.

Sister **JOSEPH MARIAN**, of New York, N. Y., died July 26, 1957.

foreign movies about twice a month. One of my buddies told me they were having a movie on the life of Saint Vincent de Paul. I didn't have anything special to do that night so I told him I'd go. That movie made a deep impression on me.

While I was still thinking things over I got a letter from Maryknoll. It said, "Please tell us if you are still interested in receiving vocation literature."

I kept up my prayers and began going to Mass and Communion almost every day, hoping that God would solve the problem for me. The year went along, and at the end of April I still didn't feel any different. Then one day in May I was sitting in my room getting ready to write some letters. I began thinking about those people all over the world who have never heard of God, nor His Son who had died for them. Without hesitation I began to write a letter — and when I looked at the calendar to get the date, I saw that it was May 5, Feast of the Good Shepherd. The letter was addressed to Maryknoll.

Well, that's about the whole story, and here I am in the First Theology class at the Major Seminary at Maryknoll, New York. When I look back and think of us digging a hole on the beach, and the priest on vacation, and what followed, I can't help remembering the Spanish proverb: "God writes straight with crooked lines."

By the way, one of the Casey boys is a Marist Brother, teaching in New York City; the other one is a deacon at Saint Bonaventure's Seminary in New York. ■ ■



A room for a veteran missionary in the Maryknoll Seminary is a fitting memorial. A plaque on the door reminds the missionary to pray daily for your relative or friend. Offering \$2,500.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$..... towards the \$2,500 needed for a memorial room to be used by a veteran missionary in the Maryknoll Seminary.

MY NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....



Sky-high color paints these Peruvian dancers on a fiesta day.

# The Big Party



**Fiesta at Maryknoll-in-Ichu, near Puno, Peru**

COLOR PICTURES BY ELMER J. MEYER, M.M.  
AND WILLIAM J. COY, M.M.

■ LIFE high in the Andes is a monotonous, difficult poverty for most of the Indian inhabitants. Living in perpetual cold, close to hunger, the Indian finds solace in the drugging coca leaf and relief from monotony in the annual fiesta.

These big parties began as religious festivals but with the absence of priests the real meaning was often lost and the fiestas became occasions for drinking to stupefaction as an escape from harsh reality. Today missionaries are helping to restore the real meaning of these celebrations.





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■ THERE is usually a fiesta going on somewhere if the visitor will take the time to hunt it down. Each village celebrates the feast of its patron saint, then there are seasonal fiestas tied into Christmas and Easter. There are also fiestas in honor of Our Lady. Many villages celebrate on Candlemas Day, February second.

The early missionaries established the fiesta to replace pagan Incan holidays. Usually there were processions, Masses and other religious ceremonies. As priests became fewer and fewer, the people carried on the tradition by themselves. Abuses crept in and in some areas pagan practices were revived or mixed with the Christian festival.

The fiesta became more of a social function than a religious celebration. Today, missionaries restoring Christian life among the mountain people are trying to give the fiesta its original meaning. The priests must move slowly, and sometimes the changes take years. But gradually, drinking and wild carousing are being eliminated. The religious purpose of the fiesta is being welcomed by the people.

The Indian wants to express his religious feelings in visible form. He sees nothing wrong in dancing in church, just as David saw nothing wrong in dancing before the Ark. "God has given us the power to dance and sing," says the Indian. "Let us do so in His honor."

**Whirling skirts and many-hued petticoats make the dance a riot of color (left). One little lady (right) is unable to resist imitating her mother's step.**





**Devil dancers before Maryknoll's Ichu church re-enact a legend.**

■ WHILE there are dances for all to participate in, one of the highlights of every fiesta are the special bands of dancers. They are often professionals who go from town to town as different festivals are being held. Sometimes they are paid from the town treasury, sometimes they must depend on the gift offerings of the people.

These special dancers wear rich and expensive costumes often decorated with silver and gold ornaments. There are two main types — devil dancers and conquistadors. The costumes of the latter are very interesting. The dancers wear the

dress of the early Spanish explorers, complete to even the swords. They use masks to make themselves appear like pale-faced Europeans. They even wear wigs, often of flaming red hair! Some early conqueror, now unknown, is thus being perpetuated through these dances.

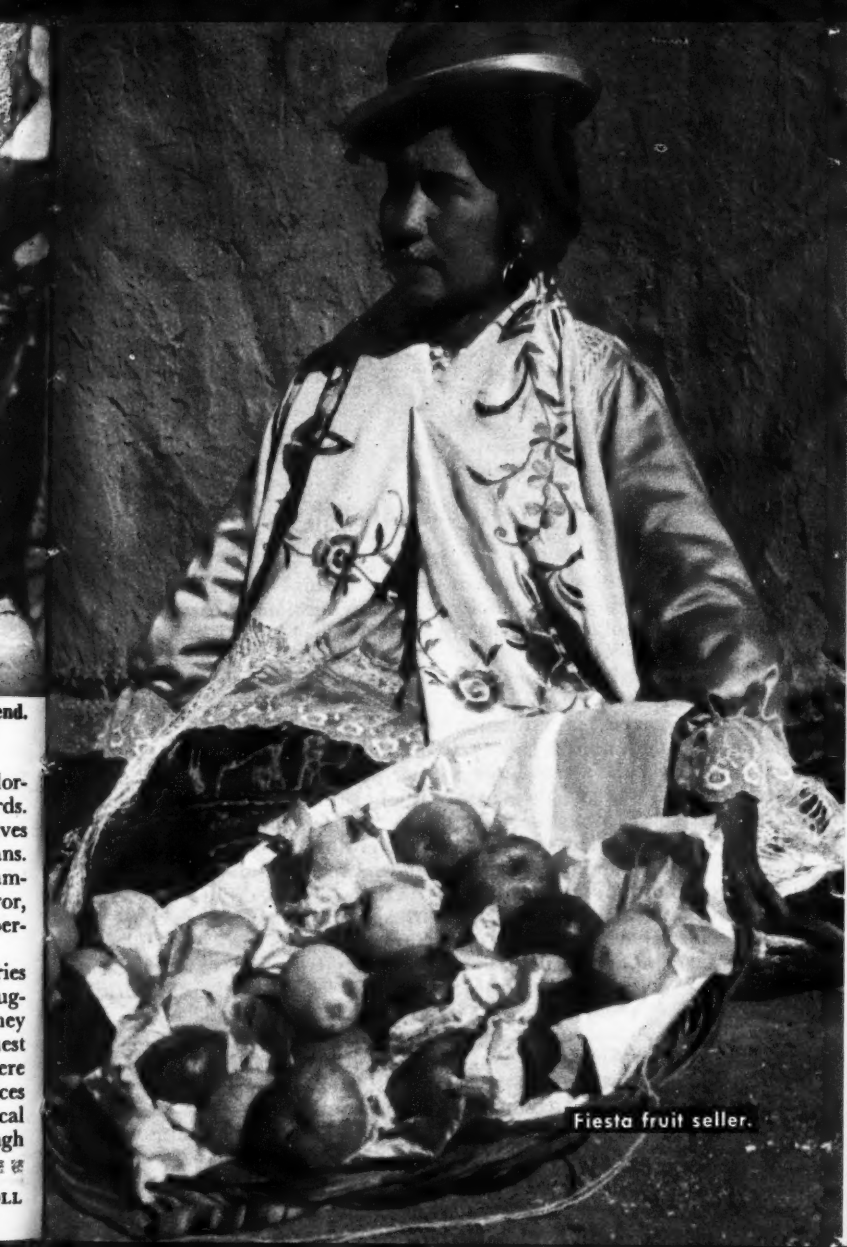
The dancing troupes enact stories and legends. They tell of the struggle between good and evil. They relate the history of the conquest by the Spaniards. In a land where written history was lost, the dances thus preserve tradition. Historical events are handed down through song and pantomime.

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Fiesta fruit seller.

# HOMEFRONT MISSIONER

Close-up of a Detroit priest who is known all over the world.

BY JAMES PFEFFER

■ A JEEP splashes its way through the endless puddles and mudholes marking the path of a back road in the mountains of Korea. A Maryknoll Missioner sits behind the wheel thinking of the busy day ahead of him when he reaches his destination — a small town in a hidden valley.

He muses over the three-day trip he is making to visit all the towns in this section of his parish. The day is Wednesday. He should be back in time for Sunday Masses at the central mission. He chuckles as he remembers the grueling two weeks on horseback that this trip used to take. "God bless Father Lynch back at Sacred Heart for this Jeep," he breathes.

Many other missionaries throughout the world whisper fervent thanks for the steady stream of prayers and sacrifices that storm the throne of God from Father Lynch and his seminarians.

Who is this Father Lynch who has so many missionary friends? Father William F. Lynch is a thin, restless, ordinary looking diocesan priest who has made the world his mission. His primary work is that of spiritual director for some one hundred diocesan seminarians at Sacred Heart Seminary in Detroit, Michigan. To four hundred more of these seminarians, he is Latin and History professor, good friend and source of guidance.

On top of these duties, he squeezes in appointments to speak on the True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother; fits in time to act as head chaplain for the ships that sail the Great Lakes. God has chosen him to work on the homefront here in the United States; yet he has taken Christ at His word to "Go, teach all nations."

Father Lynch drives himself and inspires his seminarians with the

consciousness of an obligation to their brothers in Christ who are taking the word of God to missionary lands. Under his inspiration and guidance, seminarians become mission-minded. As these young men follow the necessary vocation of priests caring for the needs of the faithful at home, they will be mission-minded.

Father Lynch's means of spreading this spirit is through the seminary's Sylvester Healy Mission Unit, of which he is the moderator. Father Healy was a professor at Sacred Heart. He asked leave of his bishop to go to the missions; he became a Passionist and went to China.

Every student at Sacred Heart is a member of the unit, meeting once a month to review its work and plan future efforts. Often Father Lynch has a returned missionary talk to the students at these meetings. Maryknoll has had a good representation: Bishop Danehy, an alumnus of Sacred Heart; Father Coffey, a classmate of Father Lynch; Father Greene, with his story of imprisonment, torture and eviction from Communist-dominated China.

Although Father Lynch has a special place in his heart for the ten Sacred Heart alumni who have been ordained as Maryknollers, the majority of the mission unit's funds go to the Detroit Office of the Propagation of the Faith, where they are distributed to the great number of missionaries who write to Father Lynch for help.

"Where does he get all this money?" you ask. Just as all great things are results of a lot of little things, the mission total at Sacred



**Detroit's Father William F. Lynch**

Heart is the result of a lot of little efforts. Each student pitches in to make the annual mission drive a success. Every year this mission-minded group sets out on a begging crusade that nets from five to eight thousand dollars. To get American youth to sacrifice pride and independence to beg, there must be a spirit, a cause, someone who is a real dynamo of zeal.

Every year this quiet, unassuming priest stands before these young men and sets them on fire. No orator, no rabble-rouser he, as he drills into these seminarians that the most important thing they are going out for is sacrifice — money is least important. The doors that will be slammed in their faces — the steady succession of "No's" — are what will make the mission drive successful.

They are to remember that, as seminarians, they are to bring the friendliness and courtesy of Christ into many homes for a few minutes. Many of the people they will meet have never had a seminarian in their homes before; the impressions they get will last.

In recent years, to stimulate personal contacts between missionaries and seminarians, letters requesting help are distributed to each class; the seminarians then work to answer the letter. When they collect enough, they send the sum to their missionary and start to work on another letter.

Students who collect the most each year usually average from two to three hundred dollars. They receive no single donation over fifty cents. Picture how many doorbells they had to ring to get fifty cents per door. Picture also the doors where there was no answer or no welcome.

Stories and humorous incidents are rampant among the students when they return from canvassing. One was chased down the steps by an angry woman wielding a broom. A Protestant missionary marveled at this illustration of the unity of the Church—diocesan seminarians begging for the missions. Four seminarians were over-zealous; they worked an adjacent city—only to find that no canvassing was permitted. And they had begged from the wife of the Chief of Police.

Father Lynch had to do some fast talking at the police station.

Every year the realization dawns upon these seminarians of just how generous and sympathetic human beings are. It is a great lesson, learned at the inexpensive price of some shoe leather and a few cases of door-knocker knuckles.

But let us return to the point at issue. What makes these seminarians so interested in the missions? What makes them sacrifice their free afternoons to go trudging through the rain, the snow, the slush, the cold, to return empty handed but loaded with graces?

The source of their zeal is a priest—a homefront missionary whose favorite ejaculation is, "Mary, Queen of Apostles, pray for the missions that all may know the Saviour of the world." Inside him burns the white-hot flame that descended upon the Apostles, driving them to convert the world. This is what Father Lynch passes on to his seminarians.

One day a few short years from now, God willing, I will give my first blessing to my parents on ordination day. Shortly thereafter, I will wave farewell to them as my ship slips away from the wharf to set sail for a beckoning mission land. A future made possible by the germ of a mission vocation, planted years ago by a missionary who never saw the missions. ■■

### THE CHURCH

has no other reason for its existence than to extend over the earth the Kingdom of Christ and so make all men sharers in His saving Redemption.

Pope Pius XI

## OUR COVER STORY

# Preparing for Christmas



■ IN RECENT years in the United States, more and more Catholics have been using Advent as a time of preparation for Christmas, and Catholic families have been adopting such lovely and ancient customs as the Advent wreath and Advent candle.

Our cover this month is a painting done especially for this magazine by Leonard Weisgard, showing a Mexican Advent custom called *Posadas*, which literally means lodgings. The *Posadas* are a sort of Advent novena that begins on the sixteenth of December and lasts until Christmas Eve. The purpose of the observance is to commemorate the difficult journey made by Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem when they had to beg lodging each night along the way.

One of the beautiful aspects of the celebration is that it is not limited to a few individuals or a family but is a community affair. In the country, the whole village takes part. In the city, a whole

group of families living in a tenement house will take part, celebrating the *Posada* in the patio.

After dark a procession is formed, with everybody, children and adults, taking part. The marchers carry lighted candles or lanterns. The procession is led by two people, usually children, carrying a small litter decorated with pine branches. On the litter are statues — Mary, riding a donkey, followed by Joseph. As the procession moves along, the people sing a litany or recite the rosary.

Finally, a designated house is reached. The man of the house answers the singing, threatening and telling the marchers to go away. The weary travelers plead for lodging and are finally admitted with rejoicing. In some places, admission is not granted until Christmas Eve; in others admission is granted each night but not until the marchers have been turned away from several houses. ■ ■



# Rosa Is Missing

Was she too poor to learn about God?

BY FREDERICK J. HEGARTY, M.M.

■ ROSA is a bright Indian girl twelve years old. She has black hair, dark eyes and high cheekbones; she lives near Galvarino, Chile. Whenever I met her she had a radiant smile for me before she started to round up the sheep or pigs that my motorcycle had scattered.

Here in Galvarino, Chile, we have the problem of instructing and guiding to heaven about 15,000 persons like Rosa. The majority are Indians. A couple of excellent catechists offered to prepare children and adults for First Holy Communion. The fly in the ointment was that the catechists could come only during the harvest time. All the people around town said that it was impossible to do anything extra at that time, when even the smallest child has a job to do. I was sure the people would make the necessary sacrifices if they could be convinced of the necessity of getting to know their religion better.

With the permission of the pastor, Father Donald C. Cleary, I went to

the school one day and asked the children to invite their parents to come to the school on Sunday evening. As a result a good crowd came, including Rosa's older sister.

I talked to the people on the necessity of getting to know and love God. Within the next few days about twenty-five children and some adults signed up. Rosa was not among them. Soon more signed but still no Rosa. One day just before classes were to start I decided to call on Rosa's mother. It was about noontime. Men and women were coming in for lunch with sickles in their hands.

Senora Maria offered me a stool under the grapevine. In front of me she set a little table with a couple of porcelain soup dishes and big spoons. The house is a one-room affair with a straw roof and boarded sides. The hinges of the door are pieces of leather. Alongside, another little shack is the kitchen. Rosa's little nieces, dressed in tattered clothes, were playing with a small brown dog.



The spiritual poverty of the family was also evident. Not one of them had received First Holy Communion. One or two knew a few prayers. I explained the importance of knowing the God who made us and died on the cross for us. I asked them to send one to the classes during the day, and have others go at night. Senora Maria could not see how it could be done; the grain had to be cut before the rain came. Someone had to look after the sheep and that someone was Rosa.

Still they wanted to learn about God. Finally, Rosa's brother-in-law offered the idea of keeping the sheep enclosed each morning so that at least Rosa would have the opportunity to learn. The sheep would not lose too much weight. So the happy little girl was able to anticipate learning about God.

Bright and early each day Rosa left home to walk with her friends the three miles to school. There the two volunteer catechists taught prayers, hymns and doctrine.

Each time I visited the school the teachers told me about Rosa. She was learning faster than all the rest. On the last day pupils received First Communion.

Maryknoll Sisters came out from Galvarino to dress the girls in long white dresses and pretty veils. For Rosa it was the first time she had taken off her black clothes since the death of her father. She was beaming with anticipation and joy. She assisted at Mass with all the fervor of one who knows she is a child of God. She received her Lord for the first time. That was Rosa's big moment. ■ ■

NOVEMBER, 1957

## Our Best Expression of

*Thanks*  
to You is by  
Our Prayers

*Daily...*

*we recite Special Prayers  
for Benefactors*

### ON ALL FRIDAYS


- a. *At morning prayers we make a special offering to God of all deeds and sufferings of the day for benefactors.*
- b. *For this same intention, every Maryknoll priest offers his Mass and each Brother and seminarian offers his Holy Communion and rosary.*
- c. *At night prayers, we recite a special prayer for deceased benefactors.*

**The Maryknoll Fathers  
Maryknoll, New York**



# DANGER! KEEP OUT!

THE GOVERNMENT IS NOT RESPONSIBLE  
FOR SAFETY OF ANYONE ENTERING THIS AREA



BY JOSEPH W. REGAN, M.M.

■ SAN ANTONIO village is the playground of the Huks who have kidnaped and murdered many Filipinos. Recently they brutally murdered a mother and daughter. This crime shocked the whole nation and was responsible for our area becoming the training ground of recruits for the Filipino Army.

There are some fifteen hundred people in San Antonio, and they are all Catholics in name — members of Maryknoll's parish of Paete. No one I talked to could remember when the last priest had said Mass there; it certainly must have been before World War II. Bombings had almost completely destroyed the huge church and the Huks came in a fury and beheaded all the statues.

San Antonio is only seven and a half miles from Paete. I felt that I should go to visit the people who had become my parishioners. I

asked permission from the Army and the officers said no — they did not dare go to San Antonio themselves unless in force. They said that they had evidence to show that all but three families in the village were Huks. I asked the bishop what I was supposed to do, and he told me not to go. So for three months I was hoping for a sick call because then I would have to go. But no sick call came.

At Christmas the bishop said I could go if the people invited me so I sent out bids for an invitation. It didn't come. A few people came down to see me and told me it was not safe for a priest to visit San Antonio. Those who wanted to could come down to town for Christmas. A few came.

In June, they were to celebrate a fiesta on the feast of St. Anthony. Some came to see me at the end of April to ask if I would go to say Mass for the fiesta. I said I would be happy to, but that I would like

to go before the fiesta to see San Antonio. About a week later a group of them came down to get me. They had borrowed an army truck. I was a little timid of the idea of riding in an army vehicle. But they said it would be all right. So we went to San Antonio.

The village is in a nice location, very high, with a magnificent view of the whole Laguna region. I found that parts of the three walls of the church were standing. The people erected a bamboo framework over the altar.

I had a good congregation at Mass. Many of them came through curiosity. I told them I'd come again and stay a few days at fiesta time. Afterwards I learned that the Army had guarded me all during my time there.

Father Grundtner and I went up to San Antonio for the fiesta. They seemed glad to have us. We promised that after the summer they would have Mass more regularly. That came true in August when the Paete parish was divided in three, and Father Grundtner became pastor of Longos and San Antonio. He now lives in Longos but goes to San Antonio every week for Sunday Mass.

He has a catechist teaching catechism three days a week in the school. Before Christmas he baptized fifty of the school children. He has validated several marriages and taught some adults how to go to confession. He has organized a branch of the Legion of Mary in the vil-

lage. That is, he did it after first teaching some of its officers and members how to go to confession. He has also set up the Barangay of the Blessed Virgin. This is a form

of block rosary — said nightly in small groups in different houses around the village — combined with a nightly lesson on the cate-

chism. The Barangay of the Blessed Virgin is one of the best mission methods that I have ever seen. It is doing much good work in all of our parishes.

Father Grundtner has plans to build a small chapel in San Antonio. The people will help him build it. They want their own church. They want a place where Mass can be said when it is raining.

The people are also glad of the opportunity to learn something about their religion. They find the doctrine fills a need. They have a great deal of good will towards their priest. The Army is happy too. They say that religion should do a lot for the Huks. Religion is the one thing that might win them away from communism. The Army promises to help build the chapel.

There is still much to be done but at least a start has been made. Many are not yet baptized; many are not married by the priest; many do not know how to pray; many do not know anything about their religion. But now the people of San Antonio have a priest.

### **A CATHOLIC WILL**

**should include: 1. your family,  
2. your parish, 3. diocesan  
institutions, 4. the foreign  
missions.**

# Letters *of the month*

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

## Suggestion

Many persons receive refunds when they have paid too much to the United States tax office. I believe they could help the missions and thank God for permitting them to live in our glorious country by giving such refunds to Maryknoll. The enclosed check is my refund from Uncle Sam.

MRS. MARY DOLANSKY

St. Louis

## Silent, Not Dumb

I am of the same opinion as Helen Curtis. It is not the best psychology to voice such ideas about animals, especially among Catholics who although professing deep love for Our Lord are very often lacking in kindness toward animals (who are not dumb, only silent). Have they never heard of St. Francis of Assisi?

MARIE L. DEMPSEY

Hackettstown, N. J.

## Inspiration

You might be interested to know that your magazine has had a lot to do with my missionary vocation. I will be entering the Franciscan Friars of the Atone-ment soon. Here's my renewal. Your magazine is great. Keep up the good work that you are doing.

MARTIN LEGGETT

Honolulu

## Comparison

I enjoyed my visit to Maryknoll very much. Everyone was so nice except the pigs. They were so dirty you could smell them. The main attraction was the bull. There was a sign that said 1,600 pounds is a lot of bull it was so funny at first. My friend was trying to feed him and almost lost his hand. While trying to find the farm three of my friends got lost and kept walking around in circles. Louis wanted to get a picture of a pig and when he started to move up to get him, focussed and walked straight into a mud puddle. We had fun.

JOSEPH BROWN

Brooklyn

## Big Blast

"You Can Train a Missioner" for what? A lot of parasites? You escapists ought to try functioning in the USA. Or are you inadequate with litterates?

NAME WITHHELD

East Chicago, Ind.

■ Please! Only one "I."

## Good Heart

I've been reading MARYKNOLL for several years now. It sure makes us look like fools when we see how these people suffer to get their freedom but some people don't even care cause they never had the opportunity to suffer. Some people hate

MARYKNOLL

foreigners because of their color but I always say that all people are created equal. I'm twelve years old.

CAROL HEBERT

Manchester, N. H.

### Lay Missioners

In answer to Mr. Frank Lazetta's statement on lay missioners, it should be mentioned that we do send lay missioners out. I went to the Carolina states last summer with fifteen other students from Manhattan College.

ROBERT CARROLL

Bronx

The writer of your letter on the lack of opportunity for men to be lay missioners has undoubtedly not heard of a new organization of men called AID. It has been established under the patronage of the Bishop of Paterson and has already opened a training house. Any young man who would like to devote part or all of his life to overseas work as a lay missioner should write to Association for International Development, 374 Grand Street, Paterson, New Jersey. Men with particular skills and professions who want a chance to do something for God as lay missioners now have the chance to do so through this new group.

ROBERT MORRILL

New York City

### Prayers Answered

Your late Bishop Ford died for what he called "My Chinese people." Now that he has gone to his reward, we are sure he is praying for them. But we also believe that he is praying for his own beloved country, the USA. A few weeks ago we had a very sick cow. The veterinarian said it was a hopeless case. We prayed to Bishop Ford that she would

live. The next day the veterinarian said she had only a half chance of living. The third day when he came he was surprised to see the cow alive and well. We would like Bishop Ford to get credit for this.

NAME WITHHELD

Perkinsville, Vt.

### Mistaken

Many times I have noticed you do not encourage a person in writing to you but this I must do as it would please me to learn if any or all of your Want Ads receive accomplishment. You will find enclosed some "bricks" to rebuild a church in the Bolivian Mountains.

NAME WITHHELD

San Francisco

■ *We're sorry if we've given anyone the impression that we don't encourage our friends to write us. Actually our hope is just the opposite. We want our members to tell us about their problems and intentions so that we can remember them in a special way in our Masses and prayers. We don't give results of the Want Ads because of our advanced publishing schedule and lack of space. Some are "accomplished," some are not.*

### Once Again

Please drop my name from your mailing list. Since many of our Catholic organizations divide money collected with advertising firms who pay local people for lists of prospective donors, I have decided to give only to organizations direct so no outsider will get a cut.

NAME WITHHELD

Independence, Kans.

■ *We've said it before but it's worth repeating. Maryknoll does not buy or sell lists. Every penny received by Maryknoll goes into mission work. We hire no agents or groups, absolutely!*



**... right here with Sister admitting this small patient to a Maryknoll Sisters' hospital in the Philippines?**

**Are you with the Sister-teacher and Sister-social worker as they bring Christ to a world that needs Him so badly?**

**You, indeed, you are! If you have helped train a Sister for her lifework among the poor of all nations. Education is costly but essential, if any real good is to be done. When you help to educate a Sister, you make a wise spiritual investment for yourself.**

#### **MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

This sum of \$..... is to help prepare a Sister for work on the field.

Name .....

Address..... City..... Zone... State .....

As long as I can I will send \$..... a month. I realize I can stop this at any time.

■ THE AFRICAN land is a long view filled with bent shivers quivering above plains filled with thorn bush, stunted trees and withered grass that reach to a line of green and far distant mountains. And on the plain that goes a very long way to those mountains, people live near the water holes that contain a gray, almost solid looking water.

I swing off the main road on to a footpath. It's early afternoon and the people have long since left the fields. The women are weaving baskets; the men repairing nets or carving walking sticks. The naked children tumbling about them. Chickens forage tirelessly. And the worried-looking dog coughing quietly in the shade.

I call a greeting and the children panic. A red man! Hysteria. The elders too seem a bit upset but their courtesy is unailing and a chair is rushed forth. The men come first to greet me, shaking hands. The women curtsy from a distance, trying not to look too embarrassed. Eventually the children venture forth to sit upon my knee.

It's my show now. If I wish to talk Africans are more than willing conversationalists. If I prefer to remain silent, well, that is all right too. Someone offers me a glass of goat's milk to slake my thirst.

"And are you well, Padri?" asks the man of the house.

"Yes, very well. Are all your children well?"

"Except Maragessi. He has a great fever — neither eating or sleeping. Maragessi!"

# The Long View

BY THOMAS P. McGOVERN, M.M.

The child drags himself from the dark interior of the house. He is shivering within a tattered blanket. I touch the child's burning forehead. The boy's eyelids are caked with a scabrous matter.

"I will give you these pills," I tell Maragessi's father. "Give him one in the morning and one at noon and one in the evening."

The man is very grateful. He is not a Christian. He cannot come to study the doctrine either because he has three wives. Still, who can tell how these things will end?

He tells one of his wives to go catch a chicken and tie it up for me. Then he and his wives and children accompany me to my motorcycle. They all exaggerate their wonder at the machine to please the Padri. I stuff the chicken into the saddle bag of the motorcycle.

"Thank you for visiting us, Padri. It was kind of you."

"It is my pleasure."

"We are not Christians but pray for us."

"I will, and you must pray for me." I kick the starter into thunder. I wave once more before the road bends away. ■ ■

# WANT ADS



**The Best Things in Life Are Free** but a little old month's supply of gasoline, in Guatemala, costs a missionary \$45. Will you keep a caisson-for-Christ rolling along two, three or more days this month?

**Hot Under the Collar** is what a missionary in Japan wants for his people this winter; \$40 will supply an outpost chapel with stove and three-month pile of firewood. Will you be warmhearted enough to give this big hot foot?

**Jingle Jangle in the Jungle.** Our missionaries need pocketfuls of coins as they travel the steaming paths of Bolivia's "Green Hell." Many children of the unemployed cry for bread and beans. Will you make a Maryknoller the "middle man" for your gift to these little ones of \$1? \$5? \$100?

**Pill Bill** in South Korea is too much for one missionary. Medicine for his orphans averages \$25 a month. Will you pay the druggist this month? Or keep him from the front door for one week, for \$5?

**No More Making Mud Pies** in church for the youngsters of a mission parish in Central America. The Maryknoll pastor wants to tile the children's section of the church floor. \$30 will do it. Even \$1 will keep one moppet out of the mud at Mass time.

**Call of the Islands.** A chapel is needed in the Philippines. Build a memorial for your loved one on the foreign missions for \$500.

**Losing Face** at public funeral processions are the newly baptized Catholics of Taipei, Formosa. Their Spiritual Father has no black cope. Will you do some fancy face saving by giving a new one? It'll take \$50.

**Rain, Rain, Go Away.** The tribesmen of Musoma preparing for baptism will be singing that song if their study shelter isn't built before the African rainy season. They have everything to start building with except cement. One bag costs \$3. How many will YOU have?

**The Squeeze Is On** for a Maryknoller in Hong Kong. He plans to get along with 30 pews for his new church, packing his refugees in. Chinese carpenters can build a sturdy, wooden pew for \$23. But over there it's all C.O.D. Will you pinch a little to help?

**Ridiculous** to try to add religion to the three R's without pamphlets or books. Nineteen mission stations in the Taichung area of Formosa desperately need Catholic literature. You can start a Lending Library for \$15 in one of these outposts.

**You** can take the boy out of the farm but his school tuition and board in Chile costs \$50 a year. You can answer the plea of a Maryknoller for "adopting" a boy for twelve months.

**Fit For a King** is the church planned by a Maryknoller in Shinyanga, Africa. He begs for \$5,000.



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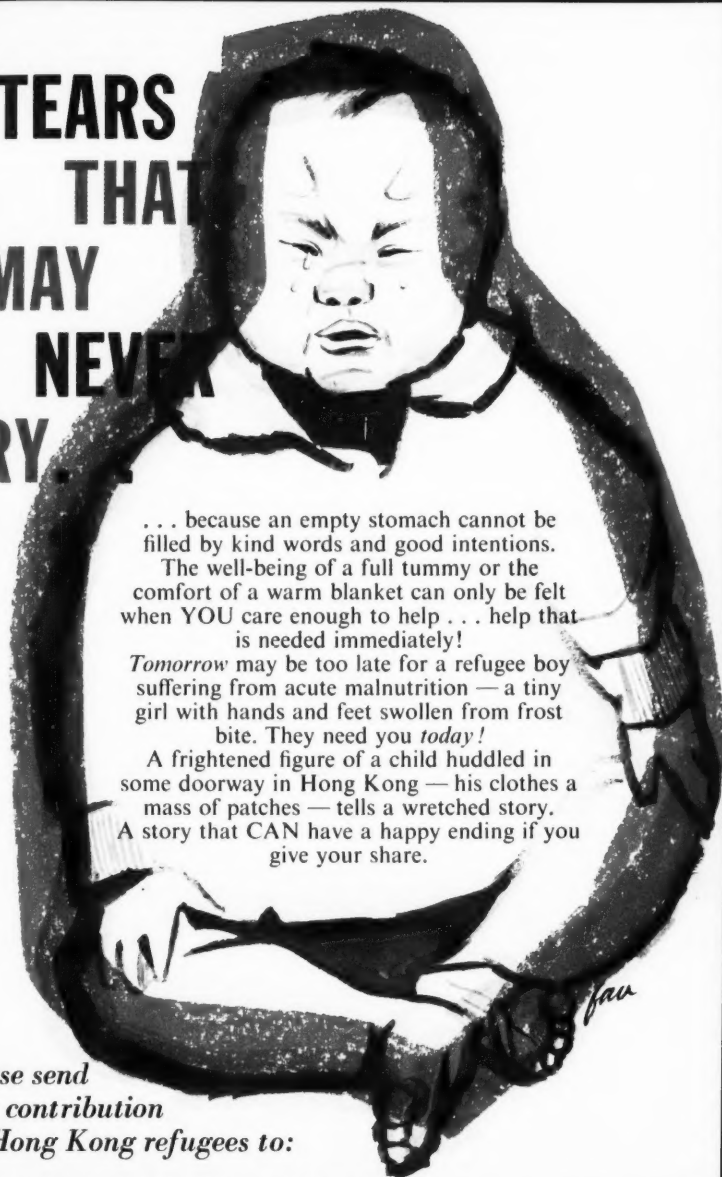
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TEARS  
THAT  
MAY  
NEVER  
DRY...



... because an empty stomach cannot be filled by kind words and good intentions. The well-being of a full tummy or the comfort of a warm blanket can only be felt when YOU care enough to help ... help that is needed immediately!

*Tomorrow* may be too late for a refugee boy suffering from acute malnutrition — a tiny girl with hands and feet swollen from frost bite. They need you *today*!


A frightened figure of a child huddled in some doorway in Hong Kong — his clothes a mass of patches — tells a wretched story. A story that CAN have a happy ending if you give your share.

Please send  
your contribution  
for Hong Kong refugees to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,** Maryknoll, New York

# People are Interesting!

First Martyr  
in the Pacific



Pierre Chanel, born in France in 1803, had a special devotion to Mary. He joined the Marists, and as a missionary was assigned to go to Oceania to work.



1. Father Chanel found himself living among primitive cannibals who had a religion of terror and evil.



2. Nevertheless, because of his good deeds, he was called "the man with the very kind heart."



3. However, when Father Chanel converted the son of the island's King, the native ruler was furious with rage.



4. The King sent his chiefs to kill Father Chanel. The assassins broke into his small house at dawn.



5. Beaten to death by clubs, Father Chanel, proto-martyr of Oceania, was beatified in 1881.

## Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

se o  
colle  
near

tub  
yr o  
1888